

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

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A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION

Well that was the best and most satisfactory celebration Wrangell, or for that matter anywhere else in this part of the world, has ever held. It was ALL RIGHT—a good crowd, enjoyable, well contested sports, and the finest weather that good old Nature ever handed out to anybody—doesn't that fill the bill?

The different committees in charge have certainly got a vote of thanks coming from the town on the success of the celebration, for it went from A to Z without a hitch and when one takes into consideration the fact that we wound up the day, practically, with an address from Alaska's representative, it were safe to say that not another town in the district had so fine a time.

The work of the Shakan band was so good that Delegate Wickersham did not stretch the truth an atom when he told them that they were the best band in Alaska, and the committee are to be congratulated for having induced them to come over and help us make the eagle scream.

Then come the sports. Lack of space forbids an itemized account of who entered, and of who carried off the honors and the money, but they were all mighty interesting and thoroughly appreciated by the crowd. Probably the most interesting athletic contest of the day was the pole vaulting, in which Frank Churchill won at 7 feet, 6 inches, from George Northrup who took second place. Fred Bronson did some good work at this, but couldn't make it when the seven foot mark was passed.

Of course the gasoline boat races were the center of attraction in the afternoon. It had been hoped for and expected that the Irene Barnes and the Kelly would try conclusions over the course, but the owners of the former boat had issued instructions to the captain that he was not to enter any race, so the Class 1 event did not materialize. As a compromise, the Kelly was handicapped five minutes in the Class 2 race, and third money was hung up in this event. At eight minutes to four the gun was fired getting off

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Eleven Years of Faithful Service

Deputy U. S. Marshal W. D. Grant has resigned his office, and with his family, will be a passenger on the Humboldt, Sunday, to Seattle, where he will remain for a couple of months enjoying a well earned rest before he starts south to his new home in San Antonio, Texas. It is his intention to go into the real estate business there with his brother, James U. Grant, who for some time has been conducting a very successful business under the title of the "Grant Realty Co.," so that the marshal will step right into harness, and, every body in Wrangell hopes, a money making business.

Mr. Grant came to Wrangell eleven years and three months ago, from Idaho, where he was a personal acquaintance and warm friend of the recently retired U. S. Marshal, James M. Shoup, who realizing that he needed a capable, fearless officer here to take care of the immense crowds of the days of the boom, had sent for the former to come and assume charge here. He came, and the records show how well he accomplished his mission.

Some time ago, he asked to be relieved of his office here, but so well was he looked upon at headquarters, that Mr. Shoup would not listen to it, but prevailed upon him to remain until the latter's resignation took effect the first of the present month. This Mr. Grant did and now his successor, A. J. Lowe, having arrived, he is leaving the scene of his labors for these many years, and seeks new faces and fields in the sunny south.

A "farewell" will be tendered Mr. and Mrs. Grant at Redmen's hall tonight, when their many friends will wish them God speed and success in their new home.

"The Marshal" says that it is his intention to return every year for at least one good fish with "Pat," and it is needless to say that when he comes the entire town will greet him with extended hands and give him the opportunity to use every one of the two hundred choice flies he carries on his fishing trips, and if perchance he desires to retire behind some convenient stump and there cut bait, why nobody will raise any objection even if he and "Pat" get their pictures taken with the catch, later to show what a great region this is for fly fishing.

May Sell Mining Property

Manager Remington of the Portage Mountain Mining Co. has been a local visitor for several days, attending to the business of his company. He has assumed control of the launch Far Niente, and will make a trip to the company's mining properties, for the sale of which there is said to be a deal pending.

WILL HAVE A NINTH GRADE

The local school board are already making their plans for the work of the coming school year. They have elected their teachers, Miss Edith Beebe Carhart, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Miss Mable A. Zimmerman, of Fort Plain, New York. The board has decided to extend the work of the school one year, instituting a Ninth Grade.

The two teachers come with the best of recommendations, which coupled with the experience they both have had, promises well for the schools. Miss Carhart who will be the principal, taught in the grammar grades of the Devil's Lake, N. D. schools for three years, was assistant instructor in the N. D. State Normal School for five years, and has just completed her second year at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Miss Zimmerman, who will have charge of the lower grades, comes with a record of three years in the grammar schools of Montgomery County, N. Y., one year special teacher of English at Herkimer, N. Y., four years at Cooperstown,

N. D., and two years at Blackfoot, Idaho.

School will begin Sept. 1.

Local Women Mentioned

A recent copy of the Seattle P. I. speaks very highly of the art exhibit of the women of Alaska at the Exposition, saying:—The woman's art exhibit from Alaska was opened at the exposition today. It has been arranged under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Hart, commissioner of art and education for Alaska, and it promises to be a revelation of the culture and progress of the northern country. An entire room separate from the rest of the establishment has been provided for the exhibit in the Alaska building. Among the artists who have canvases on display are Mrs. Gartley and Mrs. T. J. Chase, of Wrangell.

It takes more than a pair of rubber boots to keep a good man down as was shown at the dance Friday night when Fred Stackpole so gracefully called the figures for the quadrille.

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Wrangell - - Alaska

Note and Comment

A professor, in Chicago University, of course, claims that love is a form of indigestion. Next.

It is a great complaint to say of a man that he has made a success of minding his own business.

Now comes the necessity of familiarizing yourself with a lot of new and unexpected Turkish names.

A Chicago minister says he believes that enormous hats give women unrest. We know they make men tired.

We hope the people on Mars will not mistake the demonstrations at Constantinople as a signal to them from us.

As for this proposal to increase the hours of daylight, it is obvious that it would be daylightful if it could only be done.

A "tragedy" in Pittsburg was led up to by the discovery of two aces of diamonds in one pack. In a Pittsburg game, an error like this is fatal.

Lord Charles Beresford says that "the truth about the English navy would cause a panic." The near-truth about the German navy certainly did.

It has been discovered that whale's milk is good food for man. It will be in order now for the thrifty Iclander to tame the whale and go milking every evening in a diving suit.

The viceroy of India escapes death at the hands of the anarchists by the warning of an anonymous letter. One of the few instances on record where such things are of any earthly good.

Prof. Pickering of Harvard proposes a \$10,000,000 mirror to signal Mars when it is next in opposition. With a mirror like this in the house, Mrs. Pickering will at least see that her apron hat is on straight.

Queen Victoria kept a diary from the time she was 13, and wrote enough stuff to fill a hundred printed volumes. To write so much, and at the same time look after her household duties, was quite an achievement.

What a woman can do with her hat-pin in the way of offensive and defensive attack is matter of contemporaneous history. Now comes a story of a woman who subdued a burglar with her rolling-pin. Yet people will talk of the defenseless sex.

Mrs. Tingley says "women are sacrificed by thousands in the name of marriage." But why worry? No woman is willing to take another's word for it when marriage is represented to her as something she ought not to enter in case she happens to have a chance.

Chicago milliners have formed an organization to end the tyranny of imported fashions. The first shot will be fired against the big hat, which fills the public eye—and almost put it out. If the shot of the embattled milliners is heard round the world, mankind will win new freedom of view.

Somebody has advanced a new theory to account for the rapid decay of the teeth of human kind. It is due, this wiseacre says, to the decline of conversational powers. Talk exercises the jaws, and jaw exercise is beneficial to the teeth. The more talk the more benefit. Our ancestors were forced to talk because there were few amusements to silence them. Their teeth were more shapely and stronger and they endured. Nowadays cheap entertainments of many kinds entice the teeth owners and cheap literature of an engrossing character draws them from the natural exercise that their molars and incisors so sorely need.

The jury system finds its deepest unpopularity among citizens who are summoned to sit on juries. It is exasperating to be called away from an occupation by which you are making money to listen to the troubles of two men who may be disputing over a drove of steers. Moreover, one or the other may be litigious and bringing the matter into court out of spite. Such things happen. That twelve men may be drawn into court because people they never heard of can't settle their differences without going to law does not stir the admiration of the twelve for our judicial system. There is too much lawing, and those who find it profitable are generally the lawyers.

In eight years the increase in the value of farm products amounted to 66 per cent of the estimate put upon this portion of the national income in 1899. The census of that year gave the aggregate value of products from this particular industry at \$4,717,000.

000. Meanwhile the Department of Agriculture has made annual estimates of wealth produced on the farms of the United States. That for 1908 placed the total at \$7,548,000,000, showing a gain of \$3,131,000,000, or an average of \$348,000,000 of increase a year. These facts speak for themselves as an influence not only in checking the receding tide of curtailment in other branches of industry, but also as a leaven which can not, for any great length of time, be kept from increasing the elasticity of demand from manufactured commodities and for transportation. For this reason the faith of the optimist is not in vain so long as it is based upon the increment of annual farm wealth which, though it may be held in reserve for awhile, must, under existing conditions of advanced prices for farm products, in due time seek the market with an effectiveness that will tell in every other branch of business. The country is now again fairly entered upon the stage in which farmers are literally planting the seeds of another annual fortune. From year to year the farms of the United States produce regularly an increment of wealth over that of the preceding year that is the equivalent of the average value of the annual output of the world's gold mining industry. With these two factors running neck-and-neck, certainly the demand side of the market must ultimately respond in no equivocal manner.

Sufferers from tuberculosis who seek relief in the climate of the Southwest have difficult problems of their own to face and at the same time they present a serious problem to the people of the Southwestern States and territories. In a paper which was read by Surgeon P. M. Carrington of the public health and marine hospital service of the United States at the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington, it was shown that many of the refugees were not able to pay for care and treatment. Ten per cent of the consumptives who go to Deming, N. M., are indigent and 5 per cent become public charges; 50 per cent of those at Las Vegas are classed as indigent, and though there are ample accommodations for them, it is said that their care is a heavy burden on the town. At El Paso, Tex., the number of consumptive visitors is 1,500, "more than 500 have insufficient means, 250 receive partial support and 150 are wholly destitute." Sixty per cent of the requests for assistance come from consumptives, three-fourths of whom are indigent. These are given as typical instances, and naturally people who are ready enough to welcome tourists with money to spend are far from satisfied with the conditions. Lodging-house keepers hang out the sign, "No consumptives taken," and there has developed a very decided phthisisphobia. Of necessity special institutions have been established for the care of tuberculosis patients, and the situation indicates the desirability of greater provision for them in other parts of the country. Dr. Carrington expresses the opinion that while the disease is no respecter of persons, attacking the rich and the poor alike, nevertheless a majority of the sufferers are "of moderate or very needy financial circumstances." They are poorly fitted for long and expensive journeys and the trials that beset them among strange people in a strange land. The wisdom of the action that has just been taken in Chicago is thus made manifest. Sanatoria should be erected throughout the North, and something of value might be learned from the experiments that have been made in the Southwest. Dr. Carrington, who has charge of the Fort Stanton Sanatorium, advocates the use of the tent house for various reasons. He declares that though it has been objected that it would afford insufficient protection in cold latitudes, they have had temperatures as low as 15 degrees below zero at Fort Stanton, and at no time have the occupants of tents or tent houses felt any discomfort from the weather. He deals with the question of cost at some length, and says that a sanatorium for fifty patients with all necessary service buildings can be constructed at a cost of about \$750 a bed, and that upon increasing its capacity to one hundred or one hundred and fifty the cost would be reduced to \$500 or less.

A Rare Gift.

A friend of the late Lord Granville, noted for his baldness and avarice, was speaking one day about a mutual friend who was going to be married. "I would like to give him, my lord," said he, "something rare but not expensive."

"Present him a lock of your hair," Granville whispered, sweetly.—Argonaut.

The Pecker's Lament.

"Wot 'ave yer been doin' to yer eye, Laura?"

"Cold, my dear, from them drafty keyholes."—Tattler.

A bachelor is a great joke in the country.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

COLLEGE IN AMERICAN LIFE.

By William Allen White.



A generation ago, when the college curriculum began to broaden and the laboratory began to take an important place in college life, educated men bewailed the material spirit of our education. There was a movement to force education back to the humanities, back to culture, back to "the sweet serenity of books." But now the laboratory is returning to the democracy that founded it the service that is due. Our scientific societies are most purely altruistic. The health and well-being of the masses is engaging scientists all over the nation. A score of scientific societies, State and national, have as their reason of being some improvement in our public life.

The Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is doing effective work in many States. From the other end of the college campus the students of economics are coming into public life, and one group of them has formed and is maintaining the National Tax Association and the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, which hold national conferences and are gathering most valuable data and forming most important conclusions in economics and sociology.

The future work of these and similar associations will be inestimable. But it is altogether unselfish. There is not a dollar in it for anyone. Like all of the great American democratic movements, the study of economics is for the good of the many at the sacrifice of the few. And it is but one of a score of the activities of men from the broader college and the greater university which democracy is establishing all over the land, by local tax or private gifts.—American Magazine.

CASH CAPITAL OF STOCK GAMBLING.

By Frederick U. Adams.



I take it that no effective denial can be entered against the assertion that many of the superb buildings which are massed in the Wall street district of New York are largely devoted to housing concerns which draw their revenue from the speculative public. This same public partially paid for their erection. It continues to contribute the funds which make such investments profitable. The reader will be appalled by the facts I am about to cite and the unanswerable proof I am about to submit.

It is not alleged that what is known as the Wall street district is entirely devoted to the purposes of speculation. It includes hundreds, and possibly thousands, of firms which have no direct concern with the various exchanges; but it is possible to arrive at a reasonably close approximation to the total paid by those who defray the cost of the Wall street game.

The tax books of New York City show that the Wall street district is assessed at a figure between \$200,000.

600 and \$300,000,000, the exact amount being dependent on what may properly be included in the term, "Wall street district." Within the most reasonable boundaries for this district must be included property worth at least the former figure; and it may be assumed that the real selling value is at least 20 per cent in excess of that assessed against the owners.

It is ultra-conservative to assert that one-third of this capitalization is employed in catering to speculative enterprises and employments. This constitutes an item of \$75,000,000 for New York City alone, and the nation will swell this to \$100,000,000 and more.

We have taken no account of the cost of the fixtures in the thousands of offices in these buildings; neither has mention been made of many other items which properly belong in this calculation. The total amount of fixed capital invested in the speculative game in the United States is approximately indicated in the following table:

Invested in exchange buildings	\$ 25,000,000
Value of membership tickets	100,000,000
Invested in office buildings	1,000,000
Fixtures and incidentals	25,000,000

Total \$250,000,000
—Everybody's Magazine.

"WHERE ARE THE HOUSES OF YESTERDAY?"

By Margaret Bateson.



Three-quarters of a century ago it was the ambition of every prosperous citizen to build himself a house. These houses really held things. There were immense pictures. And then, what splendid tables there were in these houses! There was not only that great table with the many leaves dedicated to eating; but in all the sitting rooms there would be ever so many fine, spacious, solid tables on which work could be done and things could be laid.

Nowadays we have diminutive flats with reception rooms that just receive a tottering little table and nothing else. We dine at a table which accommodates a baby cruet almost under protest. The narrow beds in our little bedrooms have sides, but no middle. There are no more fine pictures, only a quantity of photographs periously edged against a narrow slat of wood.

And, worst of all, there is not a decent table at which a person can sit with books and work at it. A drawing room may look prettier since the abolition from it of all sensible tables. But it is much less habitable. It is small wonder that people nowadays try continually to curtail the time after dinner. It is because there is nothing one can do in a drawing room. At best somebody plays the violin, or sings; at worst the pianola is set going. The poet who wished for "an hour of crowded life" should try living now. On the score of crowdedness, if not of life, he would be well content.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A preliminary estimate by the geological survey puts the country's petroleum production for 1908 at between 175,000,000 and 180,000,000 barrels, as against 166,000,000 barrels in 1907.

The white rhinoceros which President Roosevelt is expected to try to shoot while in Africa really is of a yellowish color, not so much lighter than its commoner relatives, but it is a larger beast.

According to two scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, each human emotion creates in a delicate machine which they have invented a distinct electric force which it is possible to classify.

The blackening of the glass of incandescent lamps is due to the fact that, although the fusing point of carbon is in the neighborhood of 4,000 C., it begins to vaporize long before that temperature is reached.

New Mexico produced nearly 3,000,000 tons of coal last year, her mines receiving a full quota of miners for the first time in several years, owing to the depression of the industry elsewhere in the country.

A British religious organization is trying to transplant a race by encouraging the emigration of the Laps from Lapland, where they are in danger of extinction, to the more healthful regions of Labrador and Newfoundland.

A writer in the London Times suggests a way in which an instantaneous photograph of the wheels of a passing auto may give a measure of its speed. With the focal-plane camera shutter the slot moves in such a way as to disclose first the part of the wheels which touches the ground. Since the upper part of the wheels is moving with twice the velocity of the car, and the lower part is relatively stationary, the effect in the photograph is to distort the image of a wheel into an elliptical form whose shape varies in accordance with the speed. Hence, if the time movement of the shutter is accurately known, the speed of the passing car can be quickly deduced.

Prof. George Forbes has given new life to the belief in the existence of an unseen planet beyond Neptune. He bases his conclusions in favor of the reality of this planet on the peculiarities of four remarkable comets, supposed to be intimately related to one another. These are the comets of

FIVE TIMES THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA.



THE KAITEUR FALL ON THE POTARO RIVER.

The perpendicular height of the Kaiteur Fall on the Potaro river, Essequibo, British Guiana, is 741 feet, or nearly five times that of Niagara. The width varies from 350 feet in the dry season to 400 feet in the rainy season, and the depth of water passing over similarly ranges from a few feet to twenty feet. Even in very dry seasons the river has a depth of thirty-five feet about a quarter of a mile above the fall. The face of the fall is of sandstone, with a capping of harder conglomerate. It is suggested that the falls may be used to provide power, and it is pointed out that the chief fall alone would supply two and one-eighth million horse power.—London Illustrated News.

1556, 1843, 1880 and 1882. Prof. Forbes' idea is that the comet of 1556, which was described as of "prodigious magnitude," and which is said to have led to the abdication of the Emperor Charles V., was disrupted by the influence of the supposititious planet, and gave birth to the three other comets named, all of which were very bright and otherwise remarkable. His calculations indicate that the planet in question is situated at a distance of about 9,000,000,000 miles from the sun, and that its period of revolution is about 1,000 years.

You often hear men say: "I've taken all I intend to from Him!"

It is the faithless person who hasn't any faith in his faith.

A GOOD BED.

Important Because We Spend Nearly Half Our Lifetime in Bed.

There are many people who cannot afford the luxuries of life, or who do not care for the vanities who thoroughly enjoy solid comforts. Among these solid comforts is a good bed. A good bed cannot be had without some expense. You must have good steel springs as a foundation for the bed and should buy only those of the best quality. Over this you must have a good soft hair mattress. When I was a boy my mother was very proud of her feather beds of which she had perhaps a dozen made from the feathers of geese that were raised upon our own farm. How many times I have done duty in catching these geese. I have had lame arms for weeks where I have been struck by the strong wings of these birds. But feather beds are no longer popular since they retain the heat of the body and are too soft and warm tending to make the sleeper indolent and lacking in energy. The covering of beds should be as light as possible. Heavy comfortable oppress the sleeper. Many people cover themselves in bed with too many quilts and blankets. Simply cover yourself enough to keep comfortably warm and you will rest much better. Among well to do people iron bedsteads have taken the place of all others. A furniture dealer told me that he sold a car load of iron bedsteads where he sold one wooden bedstead. Iron beds are less cumbersome, are more attractive, cleanly and airy. The bed as well as the room should be thoroughly aired each day. Perhaps you do not realize that you spend nearly half of your life time in bed. How important then that the sanitary arrangements should be carefully looked after, and in particular the ventilation.



Tuberculosis of the Joints.

It is customary to regard tuberculosis as a disease affecting the lungs only, but as a matter of fact it may attack any of the organs or tissues of the body.

When the bones or joints are affected, the disease is called surgical tuberculosis, because it is then amenable to mechanical treatment, or may even be extirpated by the surgeon's knife.

The joints most frequently attacked are the spine, the hip and the knee, although no joint is exempt. Tuberculosis seldom originates in the joint, but is usually preceded by trouble in a neighboring bone, in the lungs, glands of the neck, or other more or less remote part.

The symptoms of tuberculous arthritis, or tuberculosis of the joints, vary somewhat according to the joint involved, but as a type one may take tuberculosis of the knee, formerly called "white swelling."

The first frank symptoms of inflammation are often preceded by a feeling of weakness in the joint. The child—for it is the young who chiefly suffer from these troubles—walks a little stiffly or with a slight limp, and "favors" the knee. When questioned why he does not run about as formerly, he will usually say he does not know—and he does not, for there is no pain at this time, and at most, if he is pressed, he will say his leg is "tired."

Soon pain appears, usually indefinite in location, and often referred to some part other than the diseased joint. Then, as the disease declares itself, the knee will be seen to be swollen, and pain is now caused by motion, so that the little patient keeps the leg slightly bent and rigid. There is often night-crying; the child cries out sharply in his sleep, but may not waken; or he may wake and whimper for a time and then fall off to sleep again, and again in a few minutes or a few hours give another scream.

Tuberculosis of the knee may assume one of three forms. That seen most frequently in adults is dropsy, the joint being distended with fluid. The most common form is the so-called "white swelling." In this the joint is distended with a soft, spongy, runny-like growth, the skin over it being stretched and white. The third form is suppurative arthritis, commonly following the second form. The treatment is usually by rendering the joint immovable; sometimes by cleaning out the contents, if pus forms; and rarely by cutting out the diseased part.

Life in the open air day and night, especially by the seaside, does as much good for joint tuberculosis as open-air life farther inland or in the mountains does for consumption of the lungs.



Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life? Scholar—The giraffe.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sits in the audience and hums.—Puck.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"Do you really love me, George?" "Didn't you give me this tie, dear?" "Yes, love. Why?" "Well, ain't I wearing it?"

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning?" "All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" "It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

"So you are an optimist?" "In a certain sense," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Whenever I go into a deal I hope for the best of it."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—Short Stories.

"Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he? He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Secretary (writing advertisements)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried— Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried;" you said "intelligent," didn't you?—Exchange.

Browning—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? Greening—You bet there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter. — Chicago Daily News.

"After all, this is a very small world," said the ready-made philosopher. "I gather from that remark," rejoined the precise person, "that you have not been compelled to figure much on railway or steamship fares."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Poet—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish to have it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there is company here," said Mrs. Hewlins, after the caller had gone, "I wish you wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats!" "Pointed remarks!" exclaimed Mr. Hewlins; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life!"—Chicago Tribune.

He—So you favor woman suffrage? She—I certainly do! He—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? She—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hullo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Punch.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to my hard-luck story, do you?" "Not a bit of it." "You relieve my mind. If you want to hear somethin' worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it? Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes home late.—Brooklyn Life.

Stage Struck—Is the manager in? Manager—He is out. Stage Struck—Funny. A gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. Manager—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—Boston Courier.

Old Favorites

The Miller of the Dee.
There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,

No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,

"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quote he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three,
I owe no one I can not pay,
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,

"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'rt not true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!"
—Charles Mackay.

The Spanish Cavalier.

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune dear;
The music so sweet they'd oftentimes repeat,
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say to be true, dear.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain I would call
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return;
Back to my country and you, dear,
But should I be slain, you may seek in vain
Upon the battle-field you will find me, dear.

Press Agent to a River.

The editorial staff of one of the popular magazines of New York were gathered in the publisher's office one day in December, discussing plans for the new year.

"One thing we must have," said the publisher, emphatically. "We must have a lot of stuff about water—power, navigation—everything about water."

"Well," said the editor, cautiously, "of course a timely article on the subject—not too technical."

"Timely article nothing" interrupted the publisher. "If I had my way we'd have a long article every number. We must have at least six in the year. It's the greatest subject going."

"Bill," said one of the staff, "who or what set you crazy on water?" The publisher looked at him and laughed.

"I'll tell you what it was," he said. "It was a long, lank Arkansas traveler named John Fox. He came in here one day, so quietly I hardly heard him enter. Said he wanted to talk about water, and especially about rivers. I told him to run away, as I was busy. He sat down by my desk and began to talk. Well—he's one of those Southerners you read about, courteous, soft-voiced, the kind you can't shut up and send away. In a few minutes I was listening in spite of myself. He sat there three hours, telling me things I had never dreamed of before about the rivers and harbors of America. Then he picked up his hat, and said he must be going."

"For goodness sake don't go yet," I begged. "I'm just getting interested. Tell me the rest." But he wouldn't say another word. Out he went. I tell you he's a smooth one! He knows just when he has said enough. Ever since then I have been plumb crazy over waterways."—Success Magazine.

Old Missouri State Road.

One of the oldest landmarks in this part of Missouri is the old Bloomington road, also known as the old State road. This road began in the eastern part of North Missouri, running west through Bloomington. It didn't run on section lines as the roads now run, but ran as the crow flies. The highway was the main thoroughfare through North Missouri long before and after the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad was built and has a history not well known to the younger generation. Over this old time highway the early gold seekers traveled in ox wagons with their little earthly belongings, going to California and Oregon.—Brooklyn Gazette.



Feeding Horses.

It might be said that grass is the natural ration for the horse, but when confined to a barn and also when worked, the animal needs a more strengthening and nutritious food. To feed properly there must be a mixed diet. The intention of the food is to supply heat and muscle, but not an oversupply of fat.

The quantity of food given should be based on the amount of work the horse has done—the more work the greater the amount of food that should be given.

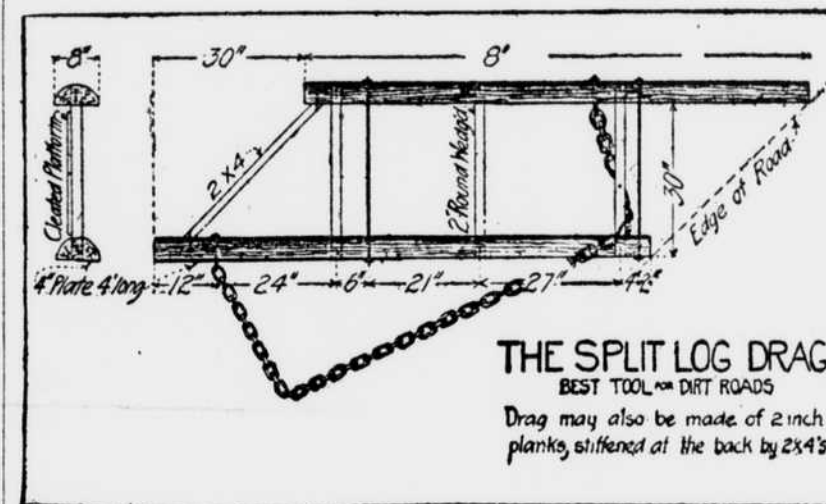
The foods that are generally fed are hay, grass, corn, oats, barley, rye, bran, carrots, turnips and apples. Of the grains oats is best, with corn second, but both are improved if fed in a crushed state. Oats build up the muscles, make blood and put nerve and endurance in the horse. On account of the price, oats are not generally used, and in such cases care must be taken that the hay given is rather rich in protein.

Corn and timothy hay are of a heating nature and hard on the digestion, causing the animal to perspire freely. If corn is liberally used, some bran, with clover or some well-cured pea-vine hay, or clover with corn, will help balance up the ration and keep the digestive organs in a healthy state. In feeding green food care must be taken.

Average Milk.

It has been shown that 100 pounds of average milk contains about 87 pounds of water, 4 pounds of fat, 5

A ROAD IMPROVER



On behalf of a number of farmers who wish to construct splitlog drags, a correspondent asks for publication of a plan. The dimensions of the several parts are indicated in the illustration. D. W. King of Missouri, who has been the most prominent advocate of this road implement, describes it as a lever for smoothing down the rough places and packing the surface soil. Best results are obtained on clay roads. It will improve even sandy soils, though it cannot make a hard roadbed of such material.

pounds of sugar, 3.3 pounds of casein and albumen and 0.7 pounds of mineral matter or salts. The composition of the milk depends largely upon the cows producing it. Both Jerseys and Guernseys give rich milk, upon which the cream quickly rises. Durhams and Ayrshires give milk of an average richness, upon which the cream slowly rises. Holstein cows are noted for giving a large quantity of milk in which there is a small proportion of fat.

Inexpensive Chicken Coops.

Very good coops can be made at small cost from empty barrels, as shown in cut. First, drive shingle nails through the hoops on both sides of each stave, and clinch them down on the inside. Then divide the barrel in halves, if it is big enough, by



BARREL CHICKEN COOP.

cutting through the hoops and the bottom. Drive sticks into the ground to hold the coop in place, and drive a long stick at each side of the open end just far enough from coop to allow the front door to be slipped out and in.

The night door can be made of the head from the barrel or any solid board, and the slatted door, used to confine the hen, by nailing upright strips of lath to a cross lath at top and bottom.—D. H. F., in Farm and Home.

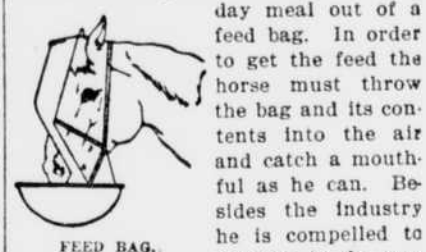
Feeding Sheep.

It is always advisable in feeding sheep not to feed too much corn. Clover, hay and corn in equal parts, by weight, should be given during the fattening period. Except for fattening purpose it is better not to feed sheep

on corn at all. Corn is said to contain about 60 per cent of starch and 6 per cent of oil, both being very digestible. Oil makes fat and the starch produces heat and also fat. On account of its heat-producing power it is inadvisable to feed corn. Because of there not being any great quantity of protein in corn it is necessary to feed something else with it—either clover or alfalfa.

Fountain-Like Feed Bag.

Almost everyone has noticed the painful efforts of the unfortunate horse which is compelled to take its noon-day meal out of a feed bag. In order to get the feed the horse must throw the bag and its contents into the air and catch a mouthful as he can. Besides the industry he is compelled to exercise in the pursuit of his feed, the horse loses about half the grain by reason of the fact that it is thrown over the top of the bag.



FEED BAG.

The nose bag shown in the accompanying cut is of recent invention and is designed to overcome this trouble. The feed supply is contained in a reservoir which is secured to the bridle and is suspended between the animal's eyes. The feed flows down of its own weight into a saucer-like receptacle which is held under the animal's mouth. The feed is always in reach and there is no occasion for the painful gymnastics which are so commonly seen under the circumstances.

Poultry Profits.

The cost of food required to produce a pound of beef, pork or chicken does not differ greatly, although chicken sells for 12 to 20 cents a pound by the carcass, while other meats sell at from 4 to 8 cents. This difference is further increased on the farm from the fact that poultry picks up a good deal of material that would otherwise

go to waste, as well as numerous insects that should be destroyed, so that much of their food should not really be figured as expense at all.

But there is a greater risk of loss in raising chickens and the cost of labor per pound of finished product is more than with sheep or hogs. Then you must credit eggs produced, which complicates the problem until you get a headache. The net returns, according to capital invested and cost of maintenance, however, leaves a greater profit from poultry than any other farm live stock. If a farmer would keep close account of the income from his poultry, including the amount of eggs and butter consumed at home, he would be surprised at the returns.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Hauling Farm Produce.

It is said that a Pennsylvania farmer does not average more than one ton of marketing to two horses, and he must send one man with every two horses. English and Scotch farmers generally put two tons of marketing on a one-horse cart, and place two of those carts in charge of one driver. The driver ties one of these carts behind the other and walks alongside of the first one. Thus we have a foreign farmer doing with one man and two horses the work an American farmer takes four men and eight horses to do.

Breeding Up Stock.

A Western stock breeder advises farmers to breed up stock rather than buy all pure-breds. He says that to establish a herd of pure-breds costs more money than the average farmer can afford, when the progeny is to be sold to the packers or the butchers. Good females of pure-bred beef stock bring high prices, and the farmer would need a considerable number to make a good start. But with a pure-bred bull he can in a few years have a herd of cows that will make it possible to market beefs of high grade,

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

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IT'S OUR MOVE

While he was in Wrangell last Saturday, the Forestry reserve situation was placed before Delegate Wickersham that he might be induced to take the steps necessary to bring about a change in the conditions if possible. He promised his assistance, but was emphatic in making the statement that the people must do their share by getting up a formal petition to the department, and writing individual letters both to the department and to him.

"In this way," he said, "the matter will be brought to the attention of the department, and if relief is possible it can then be secured."

The matter, therefore, is up to us, and we must make the first move by preparing something tangible,—abuse and villification are worse than useless—stating the case as it actually is, and as it affects the district, for presentation to the powers that be in Washington.

Congress is desirous of aiding in the upbuilding of the district, and if we show, as we can, that the departmental order as applied is driving the white man out of this district, and depriving the native of the opportunity to earn an honest livelihood, then something will be done, but we must **FIRST help ourselves**. The question is How are we going to do it? Circulating a petition takes time and money. Who is going to do the work?

TRUE AS GOSPEL

The fish companies of Alaska have the absorbing propensities of a sponge. They are waxing fat and greasy off of the finny tribes which abound in the waters tributary to the territory, towards the support

of which they contribute practically nothing in the form of taxes, or in any other way, for that matter. In the springtime they come in their own, or chartered, vessels, laden with supplies bought on the outside, and bringing with them only the cheapest kind of contract labor. In the fall they go laden with a rich harvest of salmon or codfish. Not a penny do they spend in Alaska if they can avoid it. If one of their ships is wrecked the government must care for the stranded crew and men, transporting them to whence they came. The companies reap, but they sow not. If ever Alaska secures a territorial form of government, an adequate tax should be imposed upon this fishing business. A little juice should be squeezed out of that sponge.—Seward Gateway.

WORTHY TRIBUTE

We believe Judge Lyons is the proper man for the position and that he will do the right thing, which is something the late incumbent in the Third district did not do. We know the Alaskans are hard to please—that they would kick if both legs were broken, but if they kick on Judge Lyons we believe it will be without just cause. He has resided in Juneau for ten years and is no chechaco. He is a man of convictions and the courage to stand by them.—Whitehorse Star.

Delegate Wickersham will certainly be entitled to the warmest and most sincere thanks of everybody in Alaska if he succeeds in convincing the legislators at the national capital that there is something else in this vast northland of ours besides icebergs and Eskimos.

Every little bit helps—the Jefferson was in port several hours Monday afternoon.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS

Judging from the Associated Press reports of the meetings of the Woman Suffragists at Seattle, there is no longer any ground for the argument that women cannot comprehend the true inner inwardness, the fine Italian hand of knock-down-and-drag-out ward politics. Why, with the single exception that they did not come to blows—perhaps they pulled hair in private—the accounts of their meetings put one in mind of the now famous convention at Ketchikan of a year ago.

But then, generally speaking, a woman is—well, generally speaking

And besides, the only certain thing about a woman is her uncertainty.

Yes, but if you let a woman think you think she will, she won't, and if you let her think she won't, she will.

A woman is never quite so happy as when she refuses to forgive.

The average woman would rather own to a double life than a double chin.

Women get what they want in this world by saying that they don't want it.

But even after we've said it all, if woman makes all the trouble in life, it's woman that makes life worth all the trouble.

Ed, Ludecker, the shoe man, was taken suddenly ill yesterday while on the wharf. He was taken home and Dr. Shurick summoned. At last accounts he was resting easier.

Ernie Campbell, who has been attending school at Victoria, came up on the May and will spend his vacation at home.

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Well Lighted Sample Rooms for Traveling Men

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PROPRIETOR

FIRST-CLASS BAR AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

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PORT SIMPSON

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Rainier Beer

There's New Vigor and
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SEATTLE, U. S. A.

The Wrangell Meat Market

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FRESH and SALT MEATS, POULTRY and GAME
POULTRY and GAME

SHIPPING SUPPLIED AT LOWEST RATES

"Just Weights and Fair Dealing" Shall Be My Motto

Wrangell Electric Light & Power Co.

Will supply you with

LIGHTS

ELECTRIC FIXTURES, LAMPS, SHADES, WIRE, SWITCHES,
LAMP ADJUSTERS and BATTERIES

Why not try some of our NEW LAMPS in your home?
We are local agents for PALMER BROS. engines

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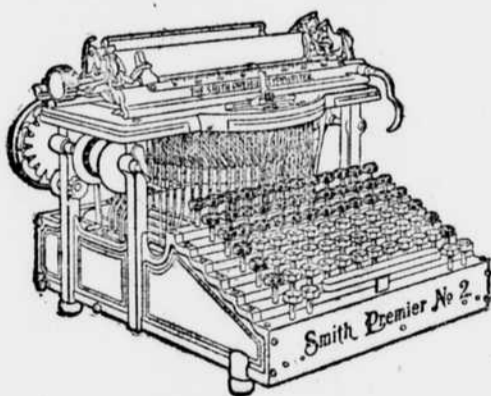
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Finishing, Boat Lumber, Salmon Boxes, etc.
Special Attention to Building and Mining Timber

This Sawmill is prepared to make prompt delivery of
Lumber in any quantity to any point in Southeastern
Alaska. Parties Intending to use Lumber in quantity
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Best on Earth

Valuable Packages

Are not safe shipped by freight, the possibility of loss or breakage owing to careless handling is too great.

Express Them

They will then arrive in First Class condition and you will be saved the trouble of passing them through the Customs house, and besides, the cost is the same or less for small consignments.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
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WRANGELL - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5
Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Ole Johnson, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

PATENAUDE

carries a fine line of
SMOKERS'
ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

READ THE
Sentinel

Here And There In The North

Four inches of water fell in 24 hours recently at Cordova.

The Fairbanks Grammar School graduated a class of twenty.

Seventy bridge builders on the Copper River Railway have struck for higher wages.

A dredging concern backed by a capital of half a million dollars is buying placer properties on Fairbanks Creek.

The Haines Pioneer Press is of the opinion that the town of Haines now has a sufficient number of white residents to allow of incorporation, which was denied them last year.

The government lighthouse board is planning acetylene gas burners for signal lights along the inside passage, from Dixon's entrance to Skagway. The Canadian government has had such lamps in use for some time, and they have been very satisfactory.

The Hot Springs Post has given up the fight, and moved bag and baggage over to Tanana, where it has united with the Tanana Leader.

The steamer Nunivak was wrecked by floating ice at Minto. She had been taken from the Kuskokwim last summer to the Yukon to operate in connection with the Shubach & Hamilton fleet.

The cable repair ship Burnside, which is making a tour of Alaskan waters, carries a baseball nine as a sideline. Games are played with the local teams wherever a stop is made.

The steamer Minneapolis, which has been tied up in the slough near Fairbanks for the past four years, will be operated this summer. She will be a part of the cut-rate fleet operating between St. Michaels and Fairbanks.

In the mail leaving Fairbanks on the first up-river boat, were registered packages of gold aggregating over \$1,000,000. The postage required for this amount was about \$1,000. Thus Uncle Sam gets some return for the money expended on the Alaska mail service.

Patenaude was in receipt recently of the finest bunch of fishing tackle that ever was seen in Wrangell. You'll do well to call on him if you need anything of the kind.

Two Excellent Photographs

Lovers of the beautiful will take much pleasure out of the possession of copies of two photographs which F. D. Cheney made recently. The one is a view of the Steamer Humboldt as she was backing out from the dock the other evening, showing the beauties of Alaskan cloud effects. The other is from the mouth of Pat's creek and is one which would be hard to beat anywhere. Wrangell is fortunate in having such a photographer as Mr. Cheney.

CARD OF THANKS

On behalf of the Catholics of Wrangell, I desire to thank the many kind friends who so generously assisted in making our festival a success. Respectfully,
LEO MCCORMACK, Sec-Treas.

A physician called at the home of an old colored woman to vaccinate her. When he told her what he had come for she exclaimed, "Lor, doctor, I can't be laid up with a sore arm! I got to wash to support my children." The doctor suggested that she be vaccinated on one of the lower limbs, but she said she had to stand up to wash so couldn't do that. "Well," said the doctor, "you must be vaccinated. Isn't there some part of your body that you can spare?" The old woman thought a moment, then said, "Well, the Lord knows I never have a chance to sit down."

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF MINING PROPERTY

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Seimer, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court for Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, made and entered on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1909, directing me to sell the hereinafter described property belonging to the estate of Henry Seimer, deceased, the undersigned administrator will proceed to sell at public sale, subject to confirmation by the Probate Court, at the Court house door at Wrangell, Alaska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, the 7th day of August, 1909, the following property belonging to the said deceased at the time of his death:

A one-ninth interest in and to the Glacier Basin Mining Group of Mining Claims, situated on the Main land in the Wrangell Recording District, District of Alaska, and composed of the following claims: Senator, Josephine, President, Independence, Monarch, Admiral, Lion, Eagle, Gypsy Queen, Democrat, Republic and Bryan.

Terms—Cash.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1909.

PETER C. JENSEN,

Administrator of the estate of Henry Seimer, deceased.

First publication, July 8, 1909.

Last publication, August 5, 1909.

Thlinget Trading Company

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries, Confectionery, Fresh Fruit, Hardware, Paints and Oils, wall Paper, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Ladies' and Misses' wear, Furnishings Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

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Soft Drinks of all kinds

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Alaska Furs a specialty. Very top prices paid. Quick cash returns Shipments held until returns approved, when requested. Make trial shipment. Convince Yourself. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

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NITRO CLUB
SHOT SHELLS
THEY WIN AT THE TRAP SHOOT

They won the Grand American Handicap of 1907, which was the greatest honor among the world's expert shooters. The steel lining protects the smokless powder and your gun and face. They have the famous 33 primer and are perfect from primer to crimp. Look for the red ball trade mark on the box.

Game Laws of U. S. and Canada Free.
THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.
Agency, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FASHION AND SOCIETY AT THE PYRAMIDS



GLIMPSE OF AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING PHASE OF MODERN LIFE.

THE horde of tourists who spend the winter season in Egypt is increasing each year—greatly to the delight of the pleasure seekers themselves, who are, as a class, ardent believers in the saying, "the more the merrier." But to students and dreamers who are sworn foes to modernity this phase of life in the land of the Pharaohs is something to be deplored and lamented.

Among those visionaries whose constant cry is that the charm and mystery of Egypt are being ruined and obscured, there is no more ardent hater of the tourist class than the famous French lieutenant and writer, Pierre Loti. Ruskin fought no more fiercely against our utilitarian age than does this Frenchman. English rule in Egypt, England's treatment of the Nile waters, the building of the Assouan dam, all these matters draw Loti's anger; but most of all it is the tourists. He never names American tourists specifically, yet we can-

not immune ourselves from his anger; he has simply lumped us with the English, the dominant race among the visitors there.

The desert of the Sphinx, he tells us, is now threatened on every side by modernism, and is becoming a meeting place for the idlers of the whole world. He says: "It is true that so far nobody has dared to profane the Sphinx by building in immediate proximity to its grandeur, the fixed disdain of which may still be potent. Yet, scarcely half a league away is the terminus of a road where cabs and tramways gather, and where motor cars of expensive makes emit their duck-like quacks; and yonder, behind the Pyramid of Cheops, looms a vast hotel, swarming with fashionables feathered as insensibly as redskins for the scalp dance."

To the "fashionables" M. Loti appears only as a man out of tune with the times and his walls of protest seem only to increase the growing popularity of "tourist-ridden Egypt" as a winter resort.

SATISFACTION.

He never climbed the mountain heights;
He never has attained success;
His name has never yet appeared
Within the columns of the press.
And yet he proudly goes his way,
Content in borrowed light to dwell;
Of one who wins he'll always say:
"I know a man who knows him well."

Great things himself he never does,
And I am sure he never tries;
His greatest joy is to attract
A crowd that he can patronize.
And then, in a superior way,
To them he'll condescend to tell
How close he is to So and So,
He knows a friend who knows him well.

The proudest man on earth is not
The one who is on top and knows it;
Nor he who has succeeded well
And feels above us all and shows it;
But he who, when some great man's name
Is mentioned, lets his cranium swell!
Oh, spare us from this bore of bores,
Who knows a friend who knows him well.

—Detroit Free Press.

All in Half an Hour

"Half-past eight, Gordon," said Mrs. MacLean, "and I want you to leave two notes on your way to kindergarten. This in your right hand is for Aunt Margaret and the one in your left hand is for the grocer. Don't give the left-hand note to anyone but Mr. Jeffrey himself—that boy of his is so careless!"

Gordon's chubby fingers closed over the notes. His mother, standing on the doorway to watch the little coat and cap out of sight, felt her eyes suddenly blurred.

"So like his dead father!" she murmured, as she turned back into the empty home.

A few minutes later she glanced from a window toward the moss-green house at the foot of the hill and said to herself, "I believe I'll go and call."

Over at Aunt Margaret Crane's a vision of red cheeks and brown eyes flashed in and out of the dining room, leaving a note on the table. The wind had given Gordon a chase for his cap on the way there and at one stage in the skirmish both notes had found themselves clutched in one hand, but Gordon knew perfectly well that the right-hand note had been on top all the time.

"What's this?" said Aunt Margaret, picking up the note. Already Gordon was trotting down the road. "Please send immediately one dozen eggs, one bottle vanilla, one pound—" This was meant for the grocer. "I'll telephone it down to Jeffrey's for her."

Mrs. Jeffrey, who happened that

morning to be filling the place of a suddenly departed cashier in her husband's store, had hardly finished taking a telephone order to be sent to Mrs. MacLean's when Gordon MacLean, breathless from running, bounded into the store.

"Oh! Isn't Mr. Jeffrey here?" he asked, tightening his hold on the note. "Mother told me not to give this to anyone but Mr. Jeffrey."

"But I'm Mrs. Jeffrey, dear. It's just the same if you give it to me." This was perfectly true when she said it. Two minutes later there was no truth in it.

Mrs. Jeffrey, standing behind the high desk, opened the note and read, instead of an order for groceries, this message:

"Dear: I'm afraid I should not ask you to come again after your being here yesterday, but could you? I shall be alone all the morning. 'A word to the wise.' Don't come this afternoon. I'll explain why later. DOLLY."

Mrs. Jeffrey's unbelieving eyes went back to the top of the page and read the words again. The foundations of her world were slipping.

Suddenly she remembered one thing clearly. It was her husband's voice saying, "Must be mighty lonesome for Al MacLean's little widow, up there in the old place. She was saying when she was in the store yesterday that she hardly knows a soul in town yet. She just came out here to the suburbs because she wanted to be near her aunt,



"I'LL GO BACK TO THE STORE."

Mrs. Crane, and because she likes to be in the place where Al grew up."

That had been three months ago. Mrs. Jeffrey had meant to call, but other things had interfered. Tom had spoken of her going several times, but not lately. A bright spot had begun to burn in each of her cheeks as she read the note once more. She had never dreamed, when hearing about men's growing tired of their wives—

She snatched a sheet of paper and dashed off these words:

"This note from Mrs. MacLean to you will explain why Teddy and I are taking the 10 o'clock train for Chicago. I'm going to mother's."

Having inclosed the two messages in an envelope, which she sealed and addressed, leaving it on the desk for her

husband, Mrs. Jeffrey told the boy in the rear room that he would have to come and stay in the store until Mr. Jeffrey returned. Then she walked swiftly down the street to her home, the moss-green house at the foot of the hill. There, upon her own porch, she found herself face to face with Mrs. MacLean!

"Oh, here you are!" said the little widow. "Please forgive my unconventionality in coming this way, Mrs. Jeffrey, but your husband said you really wanted to call on me, and I'm so lonesome that I've just acted on impulse and run down to ask you if you wouldn't come and have a cup of tea with me this afternoon?"

She cast an appealing smile up to Mrs. Jeffrey—and fell back.

"How dare you?" said Mrs. Jeffrey, compressing into three words a volume of scorn.

As she spoke Jeffrey came rapidly up the walk.

"What in the name—" he began. "I beg your pardon!" as his astonished eyes took in the little widow.

"How dare you?" Mrs. Jeffrey repeated, with rising excitement, as she snatched the wretched note from her husband's hand and held it out to Mrs. MacLean. "After writing my husband that—how dare you come to my home?"

Mrs. MacLean, shocked and white, was leaning against a pillar for support. Then her eyes fell on the note and the color flooded back to her face. "That was for my Aunt Margaret!" she cried. "Did Gordon leave it at the store? And you thought—Oh!"

She dropped on the porch settee and buried her face in her hands.

Jeffrey shifted his feet and cleared his throat.

Mrs. Jeffrey stood rooted to the floor, unable to keep pace with the developments.

The little widow sobbed and sobbed. At last, however, she lifted her face and looked at Mrs. Jeffrey. "I understand it now," she said, "and the strangest part is that it all happened because I wanted you for my friend. From the first minute I saw you in church I wanted to know you, but it was the beautiful way your husband spoke about you the other day that made me dare, this morning, when I was so lonely, to ask—" Her voice broke.

Mrs. Jeffrey, with a lump in her throat, took one step and sat down on the porch settee.

"Tom," she said, as she put both arms around the little widow, "go back to the store."

And the clock struck 9.—Chicago Daily News.

When photographs of Mother, as she appeared when young, are shown the children, they begin to regard her wrinkles and gray hairs as a proof of Father's mean treatment, instead of the work of time.

DOES THIS PICTURE ACCUSE ANY OF YOU, GIRLS?



Many girls spend hours in primping while their mothers slave in the kitchen.

THE story told by these two pictures is not a rare one; it is, unfortunately, altogether too common.

Little girl, do you ever think, while you titivate yourself in finery and allow your mother to slave in the kitchen, what a grave injustice you are doing yourself, as well as her. It is she who ought to be resting while you do the work. She is old and frail and tired, and you are young and strong. Her wrinkles and bent shoulders and work-roughened hands have all come through willing service for you and the rest of the family. In every way since you were a tiny baby she has sacrificed herself for you.

She has worn shabby clothes in order that you might wear pretty ones, and, mind you, in her woman's heart she probably loves pretty things just as much as you do.

She is willing to work because she wants you to look pretty and go out and have a good time, free from worry and responsibility. She wants your hands to look white, and dish-washing might reddens them.

You are the one to take things in your own hands and insist that she should take a well-earned rest. Let her sit in the parlor while you wash the dishes. I wager that at this moment you have far more pretty things in your top drawer than she has had in the last ten years.

How often do you wear a hat two seasons and how often does she get a new one in less than four seasons?

The entire household grows accustomed to the mother doing all the drudgery; they take it for granted that she would rather work than play.

Apart from that, she must always be ready to sympathize and advise and comfort. Hands and hearts must be constantly at the service of the family.

And then some day the patient, loving spirit slips quietly away and the dear, toll-worn hands are at rest at last. The smile on the still lips means peace and rest, for she has been tired, so tired, for such a long time.

Then the family awakens to the knowledge of what that marvelous love and tenderness has meant to them. Now, when it is too late, they would crawl on hands and knees to save her one pang. But don't wait until after death to appreciate your mother. Do it now. A grain of service while she lives is worth an ocean of tears after she has gone.

I would say to all young men about to marry, find out how the girl treats her mother. If she is a good daughter she will make a good wife. Call on her in the morning and find out if she reads a novel while her mother cooks the dinner. Also note whether she is as neat in appearance in the morning as she is when you call upon her in the evening.

A great many girls get into the habit of looking upon their mothers as old-fashioned in ideas.

There is just one thing of which all girls may be sure, and that is that their mothers' ideas are always the best ideas to follow.

I hope that none of my girls are allowing their mothers to slave while they play.

You may be too young to do all the work, but you can help, and just notice how your mother's face will brighten when you tell her that after this she is going to be the one who is petted and taken care of.—Beatrice Fairfax, in the Chicago American.

NEVER WORKED.

One of the Few Gentlemen of Leisure United States Has Produced.

As is pretty well known, Foxhall Keene is one of the few gentlemen of leisure the United States has had time to turn out. He is a son of James R. Keene, the Wall street speculator. Always supplied with money by his father,



FOXHALL KEENE.

er, he has devoted his whole life to sport. He is well known as a gentleman rider and has played polo with distinction on both sides of the Atlantic. For a time he ran in motor cup races, but his great interest has al-

ways been in the horse. This snapshot was made when he was officiating as judge at the Rackaway Hunt Club race meet at Cedarhurst.

The World's Greatest Cave.

Every one has heard of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, but few probably are aware that its discovery was due to the search for saltpetre earth for the manufacture of saltpetre. The anxiety to find saltpetre earth was due to the Embargo bill passed by Congress in 1807, which forbade American vessels to sail for Europe and foreign vessels to land cargoes in America.

The Americans needed gunpowder, and to make it they required saltpetre. They had been getting it from Spain and Italy, but the Embargo bill stopped that, and there was no American supply of the substance. A roving chemist, named Samuel Brown, had shown how saltpetre, or potassium nitrate, could be obtained from cave earth. And so the quest for caves was begun, and assiduously continued.

When the Mammoth Cave was found, every part of the great cavern was searched for cave earth. From pit, byways, and avenues slaves carried out the heavy loads of petre earth. Many thousands of tons were treated, and the rude chemistry of the day produced something like a hundred thousand pounds of saltpetre within two years.

The Sister States.

Probably the sister States are: Miss Ourl, the Misses Sippl, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Ailie Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minne Sota.—Letts Iowa Record.

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She (reading)—Mice are fond of music, and will get as close to it as they can. He—Just cut that out and I'll send it to the girl in the next flat.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Homemade Soap.

An old-fashioned recipe for homemade soap, which in its time was credited with great powers of softening the skin, consisted of a mixture of three pounds of yellow soap—shredded finely—and worked with an ounce of camphor and an ounce of lavender water in a mortar until the mixture was converted into a thick paste. This was always rolled on a marble slab until worked into a ball, and then placed in a warm, dry cupboard to harden.

House Owner—You failed to pay your rent last month. What are you going to do about it? Tenant—Oh, I suppose I'll do as you said when I rented it. House Owner—What did I say? Tenant—You said I must pay in advance or not at all.

"Halloo, old chap, where are you off to?" said one man to another. "I'm going over to the postoffice to make complaint about the dilatory delivery." "What's the trouble?" "Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."—Tit-Bits.

LUNA PARK OPENED

Popular Outdoor Amusement Resort Plans to Entertain Big Crowds During Summer Season—Many Free Attractions.

From now until October 1 Luna Park, one of the leading amusement resorts on the Pacific coast, will be thronged daily with pleasure seeking crowds. Many big attractions will be seen during the season.

The famous Luna Park Orchestra which delighted so many people last season will again be operated, with a wealth of new music.

Among the features are the Canals of Venice and the Shoot the Chutes, the Figure Eight, a novelty called the Joker Horse, Balloon Ascensions, High Diving, etc.

This park has taken a firm hold on the hearts of Seattle's pleasure seekers, and this season will be a record breaker in its history as a furnisher of sensation acts and delightful pleasures.

By the way, what American city is going to have an international exposition next year?

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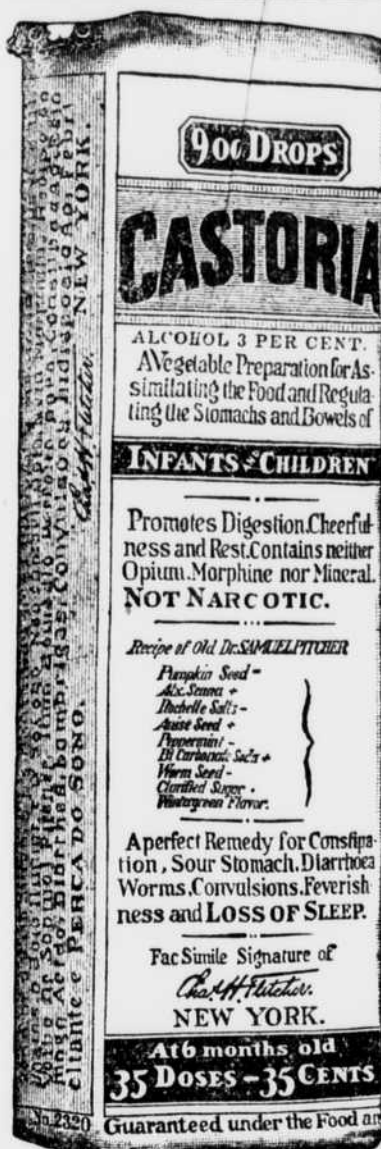
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"Walter, has this steak been cooked?" "Yes, sir; by electricity." "Well, take it back and give it another shock."

She—Is my hat on straight? He—Of course it is. She—Gracious! Then it isn't right. Why didn't you tell me?

Only about 814 miles of frozen wastes remain to be covered to bring the explorers to both poles. But every mile can be a fearful distance when men are at the extreme limit of their endurance.

In the search for Abdul Hamid's wealth Yildiz kiosk yielded two and a half millions and twice as much more is found to have been deposited in foreign banks. The ex-Sultan is supposed to have accumulated not less than fifty millions during his long reign, and the Young Turks would like to find the rest. Turkey is poor, and the Sultan's fortune would pay all the government's expenses for about three years. The old fellow must have been a grafter.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

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Malthoid Roofing

Mr. C. H. Wagner, Gen. Mgr. Russ Lumber Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., writes as follows: "A fire occurred during the night of August 17th and was not discovered until morning. Blaze had died out as the roofing would not ignite. This roof is covered with your Malthoid Roofing. We consider that the resistance of the Malthoid Roofing stopped the blaze and saved the plant."

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Tommy Has a Dolly

Just why fate decided in his favor it were hard to imagine, but Tom Case won the doll raffled by the ladies of the Catholic Church at their bazaar and fancy sale last Saturday evening, and the "old cuss" is just as tickled over it as a boy with a new pair of red top boots, and has even gotten to writing poetry(?) on the subject as the following shows:

I got a rag doll now 'cause I broke my other,

She fell on the floor and the pieces flied all over,

I tried just awful hard but I couldn't fix her at all,

Just 'cause she was in little bits just 'cause I let her fall.

The May brought in 52 tons of freight for up river points, Tuesday.

An Undesirable Citizen

L. R. Milligan made quite a find one day recently as he was opening a crate containing a bunch of bananas, at the St. Michael Trading Co.'s store, in the shape of a young scorpion, very much alive, and apparently ready for business. The insect was captured, and now resides in a bottle, but it were safe to say that, for a while at least, all banana bunches will be carefully examined, before they are handled, at the St. Michael.

A Good Looking Engine

Charles Stedman was in receipt by one of the last boats of an elegant piece of machinery, a seven horse power Frisbee gasoline marine motor. The engine is of the four cycle variety, and certainly looks as though it would develop that much and more power. It is finely finished and is a machine for which no man need make any excuses. Mr. Stedman is the local representative of the company manufacturing the engine.

The Fish Situation

Word comes from the West Coast of Prince of Wales Island that fish are very scarce, and unless the run commences in good numbers shortly, the pack is bound to be a small one. In this locality the situation is just the reverse, as the local cannery, and Santa Anna too, are both receiving all the fish they can handle, though the greater number of those taken are pinks. So rushing is the canning business that Claude Hanthorne came up from Santa Anna, Tuesday, to look for more help to enable them to take care of their catches.

New Mail Contract

Bids for carrying the mails on the West Coast of Prince of Wales Island for the next four years are being called for by the Post Office department, and it behoves the merchants of Wrangell, to see to it that no change is made in the route. As the boat now runs, the route means considerable business for the local storekeepers, which they would be very apt to lose if the boat carrying the mail is allowed to operate from the other end. Somebody should get busy and see what is necessary to be done in the matter.

A Fine Headstone

Wm. Cook has recently completed work on installing a fine marble headstone over the grave of his wife. The shaft is a pretty one, and with the cement work which Mr. Cook has done on the grave, marks that lot as one of the best cared for at the cemetery.

A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION (Continued from Page 1.)

the boats of this class, and through some misunderstanding of signals, the Kelly got underway three minutes later, and lost no time in overhauling her opponents, with the result that she was in the lead by the time Five Mile Island was reached, and she arrived home again fully a mile ahead of her nearest competitor, the Lyon, which handily beat the rest of the boats of her class, with the Duckland not far behind, leading the Far Niente by quite a stretch, and the question of which is the fastest gas boat here is a settled thing. The Kelly made the trip in about one hour and six or seven minutes, which brings her speed up to close to ten miles an hour. It is needless to say that Capt. Demmott has a "smile that wont come off," and he is entitled to wear it, too, for his boat made mighty good time. And now for the real event of the day. During the morning word arrived from Ketchikan that the Seattle with Delegate James Wickersham on board would arrive here at four o'clock. Immediately plans were made to receive that gentleman in a manner suitable to his position. Just as the launches were lining up for the start, the Seattle hove in sight, and the entire population accompanied by the band, was on the wharf when she arrived. Mayor McCormack boarded the steamer and invited the distinguished visitor to accept of the freedom of the town, and stated that if Mr. Wickersham would, the people were anxious to hear him speak on his work at the National Capitol.

The result was that at six o'clock Redmen's Hall was packed to the doors when Mr. McCormack called the meeting to order, and Richard Bushell, Jr., on behalf of the town welcomed Mr. Wickersham back to Alaska. In replying Mr. Wickersham held the close attention of his many hearers for almost an hour, as he, for the first time rendered an account of his stewardship to the people who had helped elect him to the position. He told of what he had done in the way of introducing bills for needed relief in the district, and the efforts he had put forth to remove the dense ignorance existing in the minds of official Washington as far as Alaska was concerned; and what he hoped

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WRANGELL - - ALASKA

to accomplish in the term of the coming winter, completing a masterly address with a pretty tribute to the natives of Alaska in general and to the members of the Shakan band in particular, presenting the latter organization with a fine flag, and calling on them to be true to it, the country it represents, and to all that it means. A general reception followed, and then the entire audience proceeded down to the wharf there to speed Mr. Wickersham on his way, amid the cheers of passengers and townsfolk alike, in which blended the sweet strains of the national airs played by the band. Later the final sports were held, and the celebration, the best, the most satisfactory in the town's history, was ended.

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